

No answer.

"Uncle Ned, you must have had a big kettle!"

Still no answer.

"Uncle Ned, what a big kettle—"

"Yes, and I wish you were in it!" growled Uncle Ned.

"Yes, we did have a big kettle. Each of us furnished a quart of molasses. At first we used to carry our separate pailfuls, but some brought good and some poor molasses, so that the candy was apt to be poor, too; and after a while we decided to have each one contribute a share of money and buy it—good New Orleans molasses, not such stuff as you get in these times. Now let me alone, I want to read the paper!"

"Who made the candy?"

"Well, some of the older girls. Your Aunt Minty Jane was pretty good at it, and Deborah Dusenberry was a master hand. Then, while they watched it boil, the rest of us played games—puss-in-the-corner, I-spy, ring-round-the-rosy, and the like. And when it was done we all helped pull—and eat.

"Well, there, I suppose I've got to tell it, if I ever want a chance to read the paper in peace. But, remember, I'll tell you only just this one!"

"Our folks were willing that we should stay till ten o'clock; but there was one girl, the one everybody liked best—Sally Crumpacker, her name was—who always had to go home at just such a time—eight o'clock sharp. She lived with her grandparents, who were very strict with her. We used to go early and make the candy right away, so that she needn't miss the fun.

"But one night—at Seth Comstock's—the molasses was slow about coming to a boil, and it was five minutes of eight before it was ready to take off. Debby Dusenberry poured some into a pan and set it out on the steps to cool, so that Sally should get a taste of taffy, any way; and we all promised to save some of the pulled candy for her. I was going home with her, and we put on our things and watched the clock, and at eight Debby went out and tried the taffy, but thought it was not cold enough.

"Sally knew that, if she didn't start exactly on time, her grandfather wouldn't let her come again. She had to go. So she said good-bye and we started.

"I saw the pan of candy, and gave a flying leap, but Sally wasn't thinking, and stepped right into it.

"O Ned," cried she, in a horrified tone, 'I've stepped in the candy, and it was just hard enough to stick, and I've walked it right out of the pan!'

"I sat down in a snowbank and laughed.

"O Ned," said Sally, 'do get it off—and we'll eat it as we go along!'

"So I pulled it off, as well as I could. Then I doused the sticky sheet into the snow, and broke off a big piece for her—and we ate taffy all the way home."

"O Uncle Ned!" cried Ruth, wishing she had some that minute.

"Well," went on Greatuncle Ned, "when I got back to Seth Comstock's, I found them all agog over the lost taffy. They never mistrusted where it went to, and they were making all sorts of guesses—the cat, Watch, the

dog, some boy, the fox that had been around—and Si Dusenberry insisted that it must have been a panther!

"I didn't let on a word, but Sally told them next day. Debby called her 'Sally Sweet-shoe,' and the name—like the candy—stuck. And that is why your Great-aunt Sally has always been called 'Sally Sweet-shoe' by the old neighbors, even to this day."

"How funny!" laughed Ruth. "I like that story about Aunt Sally."—Little Folks.

CRAZY PICTURES.

"Never mind if it does rain. Mamma always thinks of something extra nice for rainy days," said Harold.

"I have thought of something now," said mamma. "Get some pieces of smooth, brown paper for Frankie and little Ellen, and some of that pretty green cardboard for Esther and Mabel, and you and Leon may use your scrap-books. I will pick out some old magazines, and Leon may get some paste. Esther, you may take the cloth off the dining table, and spread out some newspapers. I am going to show you how to make crazy pictures."

The children ran to collect the things, and mamma sent Harold for both pairs of scissors and the shears, and Esther for some empty boxes and covers to lay the parts of pictures in.

"Now," said mamma, giving the things round to the different ones as she spoke, "you may cut the brown paper into sheets about six by eight inches; you may cut the cardboard the same size.

"Now all you little ones may cut out the pictures of everything in the advertisement pages that is alive, but don't try to cut them close to the picture; let the older ones do that. Harold may punch the sheets on one end, so that they can be tied together to make a book when they are done. You could make a book at first, but if you spoil a page it looks badly to cut it out, so I like sheets best."

Then mamma cut out several pictures quickly, and cut off their heads and arms and legs, putting the heads into one box, the arms into another, the legs into a third, and the bodies into a fourth. Sometimes she left the arms with the body, as it would spoil some of the bodies to have them cut off.

As soon as all the children had pictures enough cut so there were quite a number in each box, mamma gave a body to each child, and then while one was picking out a pair of legs, another was choosing arms, and another a head. As soon as any one had a picture ready he pasted it on his sheet or book.

The little children's were the funniest, for sometimes they placed feet where hands should be, and they made the body turn one way and the head another. Sometimes a girl had a dog's head, or a man had a body of a child and the skirts of a woman. One boy drawing a sled had the legs of an ostrich.

They were all surprised when Maggie came to set the table for luncheon. "Let's send these pictures to the Children's Hospital," said Mabel, "and they will make the children there laugh, too."